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## TABLES.

Translated for the Odd Fellow.

### THE THREE VISITS :

\* 1705—1806—1840.

BY MAUDE WEBBER.

Upon the 9th of May, 1705, the soldiers of the Hotel des Invalides were arranged in the immense Court of Honor. It was a melancholy and yet a grand spectacle, those two thousand brave men, all more or less mutilated, pressing around the banners under which they had conquered in so many battles.

In the unequal ranks of these victims of war, were seen soldiers of all ages; each of the glorious phases of the monarchy had there its representative. These had been wounded at Fribourg or at Rocroy, those at the passage of the Rhine or at the taking of Maestrich; some had conquered at Flanders, others at Roussillon; the smallest number those who were oldest and most infirm, had assisted at the taking of Rochelle, under Cardinal Richelieu, some of them, even, at the battle of Manendal, under Turenne; all of them seemed happy and proud of assuming, once more, the pike or the musket which they had borne on such important days. The multitude even, seemed to view with a feeling of religious gratitude and pleasure the officers who had commanded them upon those occasions so glorious for France and for the Great King, and who were as mutilated by wounds as themselves.

Joy was painted upon every countenance, for they were expecting the arrival of Louis the 14th, who was coming to visit the old defenders of his throne; and who had written with his own hand to Marshal de Grancey, then Governor of the Invalides, that he should quit Versailles for a few hours, and come to exhibit himself to the glorious remains of his battalions.

Already the cannoneers were at their posts with their matches lighted; the trumpeters awaited only the signal to sound their flourish of welcome. All eyes were fixed upon the road from the Cours-la-Reine—all hearts beat with impatience. At length a lancer in the king's livery, covered with dust, and waving, in the air, his cap garnished with red plumes, announced to the crowd, who pressed around the principal avenue to the Hotel, the arrival of the royal party. Upon the instant the cannon thundered, the Invalids resumed their arms, and that long line of living remnants stood silent and motionless.

In a short time the royal carriage was seen to enter the parade, surrounded by the military of the king's household, preceded by two footmen with long canes, and by a file of body guards in their coats of red velvet laced with silver. By one of those elegant arrangements which Louis 14th so well understood, scarcely had the guards reached the gates of the hotel, when, returning their swords to their scabbards, they dismounted from their horses, and ranged themselves on each side of the avenue.

"Monsieur de Bretenil," thus had Louis spoken that morning to one of the captains of his guards, "a king of France has no need of an escort, when he is surrounded by his soldiers."

Louis descended from his carriage, and, followed by the dauphin, the Marquis de Louvois, the minister of war, the Marshal de Luxembourg, the Duke De la Force, and some gentlemen who accompanied him, he passed along the ranks of veterans, not without addressing, to some of the soldiers and many of the officers, those noble words which he so well knew how to suit to the occasion.

Arrived in front of a group of banners carried by young Invalids, the king removed his hat, and, stopping a moment, looked earnestly and compassionately at the youngest soldier of the group, whose countenance bore the traces of the greatest physical suffering. Judging by the efforts he made to hold his head upright, he had been severely wounded in the neck. The king drew the attention of the Marquis de Louvois to this soldier, observing that he was very young. Then addressing the soldier, he inquired his name.

"Maurice, sire," replied the young man, timidly.

"In what battle were you wounded?"

"Of Hochstett, sire." \*

At this name the countenance of Louis, already grave, became still graver.

"Under what Marshal did you fight," added he.

"Under Monsieur de Taillard, sire."

"The houses of Taillard and Marsein," said the monarch, turning to his courtiers, "count so many fine exploits in their histories as to cause us to forget that one. Are there not spots even upon the sun?"

"Do you find yourself happy?" resumed the king, addressing Maurice.

"Ah!" returned Maurice, affected by these

\* The battle of Hochstett or Blenheim, in Germany, was fought August 13th, 1804. Eugene and Marlborough gained in it a complete victory over the Elector of Bavaria, and the Marshals Taillard, and de Marsein. Taillard lost his son and was taken prisoner himself.

words, "the kindness of your majesty leaves nothing for your faithful soldiers to desire."

At this time the Marquis de Grancey approaching the king, said to him respectfully, "Sire, enjoy your own work! Formerly the defenders of France had no asylum. The illustrious ancestors of your majesty granted to their services and to their infirmities only a hospital. Now thanks to you, sire, we have a palace; want and distress need no longer be the portion of those who have shed their blood in the service of your majesty.\* Deign to receive, sire, our warmest thanks for this kindness. Day by day our prayers shall ascend to the Almighty, that the riches of his grace may be extended to your majesty; and if the blood which still remains in our veins can promote either your rest or your glory, it is at your order; we wish to show to those who have succeeded us, that the heart can forget age in the service of its king."

At these words, an old cannoneer, who had lost a leg in the passage of the Rhine, advanced, limping towards the king, and said to him with that tone of freedom so common to old soldiers.

"Sire, Monsieur, the governor is right; your old soldiers are still ready to set an example; and Laramée, for his own part, is ready at any time to resume his old battle-stand upon a bastion."

Louis appeared touched by this proof of devotion; and throwing his glance along a line of soldiers which extended before him.

"Ah! well! my children," repeated he; "do you find yourself happy here?"

Till then respect and etiquette had imposed entire silence; but when a king asks questions it is necessary to reply, and at once two thousand voices cried out, "yes, yes; long live the king! long live Louis!" Caps were waved upon the ends of pikes, arms were thrown up, and a shout, like that of a battle field when the victory is won, arose along the ranks.

The king, accompanied by Marshal de Grancey, and by a guard of honor, chosen from among the Invalids, passed through various portions of the hotel. This guard was composed of only twenty men, and of these, six walked with the assistance of wooden-legs, ten of the others had lost an arm

\* Till the 15th century infirm soldiers lived upon alms, sometimes even by robbing; they were received into the fortified castles of the great lords, and employed to watch day and night upon the ramparts for their maintenance. Henry the 4th was the first who made any attempt to improve their condition, by placing in the Ursuline hospital the officers and soldiers who had been wounded in his service. Louis the 13th assigned to their use the Bicetre, which was, before that time, only a vast hospital. Louis the 14th, by an edict of 1670, decreed the erection of the Hospital des Invalides, the foundations of which were commenced the same year, and in 1674 the building, with the exception of the church and dome.

each, and all bore upon their faces their patent of nobility, in the frightful scars by which they were disfigured. A biography of these brave men would have the air of a collection of fables. This one, a subaltern officer of fortune, had lost a leg in the battle of Berenger, and was with difficulty pardoned by his Colonel, the Marquis de Ithemines, for want of respect in pushing him from his horse that he might save him from being struck by the shot which took off his own limb. That old captain of dragoons, seventy-five years of age, has only three hairs remaining upon his head, of which he, nevertheless, continues to make a queue and a two craped buckles over his ears. In the war with Frederic the Great, one of his arms being carried off by a ball, he cried out to a trumpeter near him, "My ring! my ring! go look for my ring." It had been given to him by a lady of the Versailles. The trumpeter put the recovered ring upon the other hand; and after hastily applying a bandage to the wound, the officer urged his horse into the middle of the fight, crying, "Long live the king!" He considered himself happy when, three years after, he received the cross of St. Louis. So much courage, gallantry and determination was expressed in the firm countenance and frank air of these soldiers, that the king could not but remark upon it, and retarding his steps so that all might hear him, he said aloud to the captain of his guards,

"We doubt, Mons. de Bretenil, if ever a king of France was surrounded by a nobler body-guard."

Upon entering the church, the nave of which was not yet completed, Louis said to the minister of war,

"Mons. de Louvois, see if this cannot be enlarged; the God of France is also the God of armies, and his temple cannot be too vast. We wish also that, under the dome, the flags taken from our enemies should be suspended. The ashes of our marshals will rest within the vaults of the church; but I wish that our royal Hotel of Invalids should be the Saint Denis of my great captains."

"Sire, the orders of your majesty shall be executed," replied the minister, with a low bow.

At the moment when the king came out of the chapel, a carriage, drawn by six horses, stopped in the government court, and the dauphiness accompanied by Madam de Maintenon, and the Duchesses de Chevreuse and de Roquelaure, descended from it.

"And why is it, ladies," said the king, advancing politely toward them, hat in hand, "that you come thus secretly to surprise us?"

"Sire," returned the princess, smiling, "your majesty's faithful subjects were desirous of participating in a pleasure of which you made a mystery. Madame la Marquise," added she, pointing with her fan at Madame de Maintenon, "wished much to accompany you."

"Sire," said the lady thus referred to, with admirable address, making, at the same time, a ceremonious obeisance; "Mademoiselle, the dauphiness has never forgotten that your majesty has formerly made her a witness of the exploits of your soldiers in the sieges of Landrecies and of Mons; and she wished to see, in peace, those whose valor she had admired in war."

"Ah, Madame," interrupted the king, perceiving the allusion made by Mad. de Maintenon to Mademoiselle de Montespan, to whom she had suc-

ceeded, "is it then a remembrance which cannot be effaced?"

"Sire," continued the lady, in a caressing tone; "your majesty has accustomed all those who have the honor of serving you to love heroes; is it surprising then, that they should wish to visit the asylum which you have erected for them?"

"Truly, ladies," replied the monarch, still more gaily, "only your presence was wanting to complete for me the happiness of this day. Accompany me, then amongst my brave soldiers, and cause them to forget for a moment the sufferings of their sad existence. Alas! they could never serve again even under the banners of Bellona herself."

"Glory, sire, ought be the only consolation of heroes," said the favorite in a sententious tone.

"Glory consoles, it is true," replied the king, stifling a sigh, "but it cannot always compensate for the loss of our best years."

The royal procession quitted the hotel amidst the acclamations of the soldiers assembled under its porticoes, upon its balconies and at all its windows. The cannon saluted his departure, as they had his arrival; and the next day the cannoneers, wishing to perpetuate the memory of his visit, caused to be engraved upon the bronze of one of the rampart guns the following inscription:—

"Louis the Great has, for the first time, honored with his presence his royal Hotel of Invalids. May, 9th 1705."

#### VISIT SECOND.

The first of September, 1806, at evening, Napoleon mounted his horse, and quitted his favorite residence of St. Cloud, to take a short ride in its vicinity. Accompanied only by the grand Marshal, a page, an aid-de-camp (Rapp) and a lancer, he directed his course towards the wood of Boulogne, which he soon traversed, but, by one of those freaks which were common with him, when he had arrived at the Passy gate, instead of returning the same way, he turned to the left, and followed the avenue which led from the wood to the Maillot door. There he stopped, and turned to Rapp, who was at his left hand according to the duty of his office, said to him.

"Cannot we push on as far as the Triumphal Arch to see how the work goes on? what think you?"

"I think, sire, that your majesty would not remain there long."

"Why not, monsieur?"

"It is still broad day light, and as soon as your majesty should arrive there, you would be recognized and surrounded."

"Recognized!" interrupted Napoleon; "by whom? Have I not on my riding coat? I am dressed like a citizen. It is yourself and the rest here who would cause me to be recognized," added he, casting a glance at the grand Marshal, who brushed with his handkerchief the dust from the rich embroidery of his uniform.

"But sire," resumed the aid-de-camp, "this is the hour when Parisians are accustomed to walk in the wood of Boulogne; if you are once observed, you will neither be able to see what you wish, nor escape from the curious crowd by which you will be beset. Your majesty would not wish to take an escort!" These last words were pronounced by the aid de-camp in a tone bordering upon reproach.

"Well, well, you are right—do not murmur; however, we can always take a turn round the triumphal arch, whilst waiting till we shall pass under it—a little more slowly," added he smiling. Then addressing the grand Marshal, "Duroc, you may return to St. Cloud I shall be there myself very soon; and take Guerin with you."

Napoleon, who perceived that the page was joyfully preparing to follow him, said to him, in a bitter tone,

"Monsieur, I have no need of you—follow the grand Marshal and go to your studies."

The page, with an air of disappointment turned his bridle and hastened after Duroc. The emperor, followed by Rapp, entered the avenue of Neuilly. A few minutes after the both passed at full gallop round the scaffolding of the monument, which was then but just begun, to the great surprise of the promenaders, and of the horsemen who were not less astonished at seeing a general officer and citizen give such free rein to their horses in place so much frequented by foot passengers. At the barrier de L'Etoile, Napoleon, moderating his speed, followed the great avenue of the Champs Elysees, and then turning to the right quickly gained the quay de Billy.

Arrived in front of the Hotel des Invalids he checked his horse, and remained a moment contemplating this work of Louis 14th. The day was declining, and the last rays of the sun were reflected from the dome of the edifice which rose high, and sparkling with gold in the midst of the dark roofs of the building.

"It is fine! it is fine!" said he, several times; "in truth Louis was a great king!" Then addressing Rapp was appeared to entertain the same feeling of admirations as himself. "Hast thou never had the desire to ascend to the lantern which thou seest there below the arrow?" he asked.

"No, sire; the Marshal Senerier proposed it to me, and I refused."

"And why? you are not a coward."

"I believe not, sire; but I know not—roosted in that cage, one's head might turn and—my faith—"

"Ah, well, I would not mount there myself; not, however, from prudence, but because that from thence my soldiers would appear to me too small."

"So much the more, as your majesty does not find them too large on the level ground," replied Rapp, smiling.

"I wish to go and see how they are to-day," said the emperor, without appearing to notice the remark of Rapp. "But I wish to go alone, and without the Marshal's knowledge. Accompany me thither, and guard my horse; I shall remain but a moment." And Napoleon resumed his course.

"Sire," said Rapp, as they were passing over the bridge of legislative board, "I wish your majesty to observe that it is growing late—it will soon be night, and your majesty has no escort, and—"

"Thou hast told me that once before," said Napoleon, interrupting him.

"And her majesty, the empress, will expect you to dinner," continued the aid-de camp.

"Poh! poh! she will dine twice. However, what time is it?"

"I have no watch, sire."

At this answer, Napoleon stopped his horse, (he had arrived at the parade of the Invalids,) and



looking steadily at his aid, said to him, lowering his eyebrows,

"What is become of the one I gave you two years since?"

"I have not carried it, sire, since your majesty reproached me with its having lost in your service twenty-four hours in one day."

This allusion was so direct, that Napoleon could not avoid understanding it; but when he was in the mood, he knew well how to turn whatever was said to his own advantage; and addressing his favorite aid, he said,

"Monsieur, you mistook me. I told you on the contrary, that *your watch always gained twenty-four* when it was necessary for my service—you do not always understand me." Afterwards he added, smiling, "Remain here, no one will notice you, I will rejoin you directly." Napoleon proceeded, with long strides, to the principal entrance of the Invalids. It was growing dark, but at the sight of a man wearing a military hat, boots furnished with silver spurs, and epaulettes, the tassels of which were but imperfectly concealed by his half-buttoned riding coat, the sentinel, supposing him to be an officer of rank, allowed him to pass unchallenged, although retreat had been sounded within the Hotel.

According to his usual custom, when he wished to observe any place, Napoleon lounged through the various courts, and passed beneath the galleries with his hands crossed upon his back. Profound silence reigned every where, for the evening repast was finished, and the soldiers had retired to their dormitories; sentinels, armed with swords, walked at intervals, these also supposing that the individual who passed before them was one of the superior officers of the Hotel, did not disturb his meditations.

The emperor directed his steps towards the court of the chapel, and stopping before one of the side doors, raised his head and sought to read, as well as his wearied eyes would permit, the following lines, from the *Petivide* of Thomas, which were engraved over the portal, and which was afterwards at the close of the restoration, effaced.

"Formerly to sustain his existence  
In an ungrateful country, saved by his courage,  
The warrior had not, in the decline of his days,  
Either an asylum whilst living or a tomb in death.  
The state which he has defended  
Designs at length to support him!"

Suddenly the conversation of two Invalids, who came out of the church, attracted the attention of Napoleon; and in order to hear more distinctly what they said, he followed them slowly, regulating his pace by theirs.

These two men appeared bent by the weight of years; the elder conducted by his less aged companion, of whom he seemed to inquire something, whilst the looks of the latter were turned alternately towards the entrance of the Hotel, which was illuminated by a lantern, and upon his companion, whose tottering steps he guided.

"Jerome," said the elder Invalid, "dost thou not yet see him coming?"

"No, father—be easy. I will read him a lecture which he will not soon forget. His conduct is not that of a man."

"Jerome, it is necessary to be indulgent towards children," resumed the old man. "We have been young ourselves, and, my conscience, at his age I was worse than he. Ah! ah!" said the old man, leaning upon his crutch, "that was a good part

of a century ago—it was in the time of his late majesty Louis 14th. I had not then married thy mother."

"Never!—father—never!" replied Jerome, striking his forehead with his only remaining hand.

"Respect the aged, that was our motto in the time of marshal Saxe, and it is still more appropriate when the aged are our fathers."

"Well, well, my good Jerome, he will come soon, this poor little Cyprien. What do you expect? he is a child compared to us—he probably thought that my prayer would be longer than it was yesterday, and that he would amuse himself at the gate. Do not complain too much—he loves you so well—and besides," added he, lowering his voice, "it is my fault—I ought to have said another Confiteor."

Napoleon had heard all the conversation, and with the desire to understand the whole affair, addressed the two old men frankly, saying,

"From what I observe, my friends, you are waiting for some one?"

At these words, the less aged of the two raised his head, and putting his hand to his hat, for he saw, beneath the riding coat of Napoleon, the twists of his epaulettes.

"Yes, colonel," answered he, "I and my father Maurice, whom you see here, wait for the return of our runaway child who does not yet come, although he knows well that his grandfather needs his two arms in ascending to his dormitory—for he has two, whilst I—" and he shook his empty sleeve.

"You are a brave man," said the emperor to him, with feeling; "your son is wrong. But why," inquired he, walking on with them, "has your father remained so long in the chapel? It is contrary to rules."

"Our marshal has given permission, my colonel, that on the first of September every year, my father should spend a part of the day in repeating the prayers for the repose of the soul of that king whom he formerly served; and since I have been with him at the Hotel, I have never known him omit the performance of that sacred duty."

"Of what King?" demanded Napoleon.

"Of his late majesty, Louis the 14th," joined in the old man, who had not hitherto spoken.

"Louis 14th," exclaimed Napoleon, with an expression of astonishment; "is it possible that you have seen him?"

"Even here, in this place—he spoke to me and I answered him," replied the old man, with pride.

"You are very fortunate," resumed Napoleon, "but you must be more than a hundred years old."

"I shall be one hundred and twenty-one years old,\* colonel, next Candlemas."

"A hundred and twenty-one years," exclaimed the astonished emperor; and passing rapidly to the right of father Maurice, he took his arm, saying kindly, "lean upon me, old comrade—I will assist you."

"Ah! colonel," said the old man, much moved, "I dare not—I know too well the respect—"

"Give me your arm, I wish it!" And drawing the arm of the Invalid, who endeavored to prevent him, within his own, the emperor gently compelled him to lean upon him.

"Come, father, you must obey. You per-

\* In 1806 there were among the Invalids many centenarians, amongst others Father Maurice, who died in 1809, at the age of 124 years.

ceive that the colonel does not resemble our former marquis;—and with all your wrappings you will take this evening. You know that little father Costa \* has forbidden your breathing the night air under penalty of taking tisan. And that rascal Cyprien has not arrived yet. Villain! he shall pay for it to-morrow."

"You have probably fought in many battles?" said Napoleon to the centenarian, gently resuming their walk, which had been for a moment interrupted; "for you must have been young when you saw Louis 14th."

"Ah! ah!" said father Maurice, coughing loudly, "I was eighteen years old when I fought for the first time at Friedlingen. The year following I received my third wound at Hochstett, at the same moment as the son of Marshal de Taillard, who was a cornet in one of the red companies."

"Hochstett, did you say?" inquired Napoleon; "it is a long time since then. That was a battle which the French lost, though commanded by two marshals of France in person, and a Bavarian prince, I do not know what."

"O yes, colonel, the Elector of Bavaria, and Marshals de Taillard and de Marsain, famous warriors in the days of his late majesty Louis 14th. Oh, I remember it still! A musket ball entered my left shoulder, and went out at my right. I fell upon the ground crying out 'Long live the king.' After my wound was healed, I obtained of his late majesty Louis 14th permission to enter the Invalids."

"That was not a favor—it was but justice," said Napoleon.

"I have lived about a hundred years in the Hotel. I was married here, and here I have seen many of my comrades die. There are only young people here now; but I am happy, yes, very happy, especially since my children have come here to live with me."

"M. Jerome," asked Napoleon, melted by the recital of this Nestor of the army, "you who are the son of this brave old man, how old are you?"

"I am ninety-one, colonel; I was born in 1715."

"Yes," interrupted the centenarian; "he was born in the same year in which his late majesty Louis 14th died."

"Ninety-one years!" exclaimed the emperor; "you must have been a long time in service then?"

"Twenty-eight years, colonel, I served under the marshals de Saxe, de Soubise, de Broglie and de Contades successively; and under the prince de Conde I was at Fontenoy, Lawfeld, Rosbach, Bergen and Fribourg. At this last I lost my arm, as you see. I have been at the Hotel since 1763, nearly forty-three years. It was during the reign of Louis 15th that I served."

"Yes, Louis 15th," said Napoleon, in a low voice, "a weak king, who signed that shameful treaty, by which France resigned fifteen hundred leagues of coast."

"And during forty-three years," resumed Maurice, "Jerome has conducted towards me like a good son—why does not his own child resemble him?" The force of the contrast fell like lead upon the head of the absent one.

"Father," said Jerome, with apparent calmness, "Cyprien is young—there is still some hopes of him."

"Certainly," said Napoleon; young people

\* First physician of the Invalids.

need some allowance; you yourself, old comrade, acknowledged this but a short time since."

"My colonel," rejoined Maurice, speaking very low, "it is a trick of war. Ah! ah!" said he, coughing again; "when I see my own son angry with his, I feign to be in a still greater passion, and by this stratagem peace is soon re-established amongst us."

At this moment the group had arrived at the entrance of a long gallery, which was only imperfectly lighted by reflectors; here father Maurice stopped.

"Dost thou not see Cyprien?" asked he, gently of his son.

"No, father," answered he, in a sad tone, and looking around him. "I warrant the rogue has obtained permission to go to bed without saying anything to us about it."

"Suppose," said Napoleon, in a composed manner to the veteran, "that, as this M. Cyprien has proved truant, I should supply his place? Let us go on, your son and I will assist you to mount the stairs; the wind blows fresh, and at your age it is not well to mount guards by starlight."

"Oh, upon watch at Hochstett, in the time of his late majesty Louis 14th, I have stood sentinel six hours at a time, before the enemy's lines, and at a half gunshot of the sentinels of the Duke of Marlborough. The corporal made me forgetful of every thing."

"Corporals were very capable of doing that in the days of Marlborough," said Napoleon, smiling; "but you had a hundred years less then than now, and that, you will allow, makes a difference."

"Ah! colonel," said Maurice, attempting to disengage his arm, which Napoleon would not allow him to do. "Well, well, father," said Jerome, "since the colonel desires to show you this kindness, profit by it. The wind is rising; you have coughed much already—beware of the tisan to-morrow."

The old man, leaning upon his son, suffered himself to be conducted by the emperor, and they had already ascended some steps of the staircase leading from the gallery, when Jerome called out, "There he is!"

"Cyprien?" inquired Maurice.

"Yes, father," replied Jerome, muttering between his teeth the epithets, "Vagabond, villain!"

"Do not scold him too much," resumed Maurice, gently, "do not scold him too much; he could not come any sooner."

"Where do you see this Monsieur Cyprien?" inquired Napoleon.

"Parbleu! down there, colonel, he is just behind you."

The emperor looked on all sides to see this bad boy, this vagabond, this undutiful child, and he perceived, at a distance, only one of the Invalids, whose silver chin shone in the light of the moon, and who approached them as quickly as two wooden legs would permit. This was a rascal, the villain, against whom the recriminations of two generations had been so oddly levelled. At the sight of this victim of war, Napoleon could not repress a sentiment of pity mixed with admiration.

Invalid, No. 3. appeared to be sixty years of age; his countenance was horribly mutilated. Besides the chin with which the art of the silver smith had repaired his loss of that feature, he had a glass eye, the immovable glare of which gave a

strange expression to his face. A glass eye, in an invalid was, at that time, the very *ne plus ultra* of coquetry; and Cyprien must have been very good-looking in his youth. He was tall, strong built, walked slowly, it is true, but perfectly erect. His absence must have been very blameable, for he had, at that time, a very mortified air. Already had Jerome begun to overwhelm him with reproaches, when, perceiving the emperor, whom he had never before seen near, he made him a military salute, and then interrupting his father, with admirable presence of mind he said to him pleasantly,

"Papa! papa! be calm! you should not judge without hearing, as the illustrious Dugommier, my old general, used to say. I was not here, it is true, when I was called, but listen to me. I have noticed that when grandpapa has passed, as he has done to-day, a great part of his time at the chapel repeating his ancient prayers and catechism, a glass of wine more than common strengthens him, and gives him natural legs with which to ascend to his dormitory. Ah! well, I who have only artificial legs, went to look for my chamber neighbor Godibert, that I might obtain from him his allowance in exchange for my mounting guard for him to-morrow, before the quarters of the marshal. Look! here it is, this cup of comfort! now complain if it gives you any pleasure, though I am really innocent. I am very sure that this time grandpapa will not do me any injury." Saying these words, he drew from his pocket a wicker covered bottle, and presented it to the veteran. Jerome did not answer, but Maurice, looking at his grandson with an affectionate expression, said to Jerome,

"Well, did I not tell thee that Cyprien was not to blame? But my child," added he, taking the bottle with a trembling hand, "is there not here more than the usual quantity?"

"There is, grandpapa: my own fell into the bottle accidentally. You would not be very fat with a single allowance?" and Cyprien, taking from his pocket some bits of sugar and a crust of white bread, added, "I have profited by the opportunity of purchasing from the provision room of the infirmary, some of prohibited colonial supplies. I will manufacture for you a fricassee, after the fashion of the parrots; this will be for your poor stomach, a little chilled by age, a genuine nightgown of Utrecht velvet."

"It is well! it is well!" said Jerome, calmly; "but whilst waiting for you we have been sadly embarrassed, and without the aid of the colonel, who kindly offered to assist my father; I do not know how I could have brought him so far, so cold as he is already."

Cyprien saluted the emperor again.

"The distance is not great, papa," resumed he, "and the road is good, it is all paved." Then raising for a moment his only eye, sparkling in the star-light, to the heavens: "This weather reminds me of the illustrious Dugommier, my old general," then passing to the left of the old general, "I will now take my post of honor—it is enough."

"Yes, M. Cyprien," said Napoleon, withdrawing a little, for he had continued to support the grandfather whilst listening to the justification of Cyprien, "this place is truly to you a post of honor, which you may well be jealous of yielding to any one."

"And it is one, colonel that I would now no sooner forsake, than I would have done that which I held formerly."

"I believe it. In what engagement were you thus maimed?"

"It was at the battle Fleurus, colonel, gained over the Austrians by General Jourdan, now marshal of the empire. We threw ourselves upon the enemies' cannons—one of them charged with canister shot carried away my chin, put out my eye and relieved me of both my legs at one shot. But," said the soldier, striking his broad breast with both hands, "yet my stomach was untouched, and my heart was whole, so that the rest of my body remains in full possession of its powers."

Napoleon smiled at this remark, and said.

"The battle of Fleurus, did not that take place on the 26th June, 1794?"

"Yes, colonel, and it was warmer there than it is here, I will answer for it."

"That was since the time of Bonaparte," said Maurice.

"Grandfather," said Cyprien, with animation, "say, if you please, the Emperor Napoleon the Great—these are his baptismal names, and thus he is always called in the Hotel."

"Yes, like his late majesty Louis 14th."

"Pray, grandfather, have done with that old monarch who made war only in his wig and silk stockings," said Cyprien, impatiently, and pivoting upon one of his legs. "Your Louis 14th was a ribboned and plumed king, fit only to command the veterans of the camp of Venus; and would you compare him to Napoleon the emperor of France and king of Italy? Napoleon is truly a monarch, he wears boots, a great-coat short hair and a hat like our own! He is a genuine hero, made according to the regulations! is he not, colonel?"

At this question Napoleon drew down his eyebrows, and in that grave voice which gave laws to the world, said coldly,

"You mistake, M. Cyprien, Louis 14th was a great monarch. It was he who elevated France to the highest rank amongst the nations of Europe; he was the first who had 400,000 men on foot, and a hundred vessels on the sea. He added Roussillon, Franche, Comte and Flanders to France; he seated one of his children upon the throne of Spain; and to conclude, he built the *Hotel des Invalides*. Since Charlemagne there has been no king of France that could compare with him."

At hearing Napoleon pronounce this eulogium upon a king, towards whom he felt a sort of adoration, the centenarian made an effort to hold himself erect, and with a glistening eye and a voice strengthened by feeling,

"Bravo! bravo!" he cried; "oh, colonel, you are worthy of having served under his late majesty Louis 14th. In his time merit was appreciated—he would have made you marshal of his camp."

Cyprien, more rebuked by the tone in which Napoleon had expressed his thoughts than by the words of his grandfather, held down his head, attempted to excuse himself, stammering out,

"Pardon me! excuse me, colonel, I never knew grandpapa's king; I have only heard him spoken of by the ancient comrades of the Hotel."

"And they, if they speak as you have done, are wrong," replied Napoleon, quickly, "for, in this place, if any where, the memory of Louis ought to be venerated. Can they look upon the kind fore-



sight which surrounded them with so much magnificence, and not say that Louis 14th has not given them a proof of his generosity and his power?"

At this moment a strong light appeared at the other end of the building, and at the same time a mingled sounds of steps and voices was heard. Rapp approached, conducted by marshal Serrurier, accompanied by his staff officer, and by several of the Invalids who carried torches in their hands.

[Concluded in our next.]

## ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

For the Rural Repository.

### FRIENDSHIP.

BY ISAAC CORB.

TRUE Friendship is a flower of perennial growth. It is an Amaranth expanding its petals to the glorious light of Youth's gentle summer. The winds of adversity may blow around it, the cold dews of affliction's night may descend upon it; but they cannot mar its quiet beauty, its unobtrusive elegance. Nay! though the pleasant Summer depart, resigning the sceptre and the crown, the blade and the sheaf, to the control of fair Autumn; though November's frosts cause the daughters of Flora to droop and languish in death, to restore their balmy spirits to the fountain that produced them; yet she, the superb, the enduring, will continue to delight the imagination and refresh the soul until the stern brow of Winter, the winter of age, shall frown upon the creations of Nature, and destroy with relentless hand the darlings of the poet.

Oh Friendship! thou sister of Love,  
Proceeding from regions above!

is there a mortal who has not experienced, ay! felt the charm of thy companionship? is there an eye which has not moistened, a bosom which has not heaved, a lip which has not quivered, when aught has been said derogatory to thy fame?

Sylva Forester and Clara Linton were friends, friends in the most enlarged sense of the term. So devotedly attached to each other were they, that the united artifice of enemies could not sever the ties which bound mind to mind, spirit to spirit.—From the dawn of the golden morning to the time of the rosy evening, they were wont to be together. They read, sang, played, for one another. To the touch of their fingers strain of unrivalled harmony responded from the strings of the glorious harp, or from the wires of the full-toned Piano. Mozart would have admired their skill, and Beethoven would have been enraptured by the sweetness of their voices. But most of all, they excelled in deeds of benevolence. Not a day passed which witnessed not these "Sisters of Charity," in the act of relieving the pains of the distressed, or ministering to the wants of indigence. Rich were their hearts with sympathy, and oft stole the tear adown their cheeks when they beheld the suffering writhing with agonies which they could not alleviate.

Alas! they, too, became fit objects of sympathy. Consumption, that perpetual adversary of Health, deprived them of their joy. Sylva was the victim. Daily she became more delicate, more beautiful, to appearance; yet it was a frail beauty, a tender delicateness, ah! too much so, long to last.—Death, Death, Death, the insatiable monster, laid his hand upon her brow! Monster, did I say?—

No! no! it was not such. Angels bright as the orient tints came to seek a companion. Wandering afar from their celestial home, they came to earth, and bore away its most interesting flower.—The Rose that still adorned the parent stem, gazed with sadness upon the withering fond one.

Clara feared that she, also, might be summoned to depart. But that fear was not felt for a time, till the disinterested sorrow of affection had in a measure subsided. Yet it was not a fear of long duration. To enjoy the society of her devoted friend was more to her than life. The "grim messenger" she became ready to meet with a smile, could she but be reunited with the lost one. She longed to ramble with her over the "Elysian fields" of heaven, and by the "still waters" of Paradise. But some kind guardian spirit of earth, whispered these words:—

"Amiable Maiden! worthy to be called the daughter of Love, mourn not for the seraph! She dwells in the immediate presence of her God, and your God, and listens enraptured, to the exsatic songs of redemption. Mourn not on account of yourself! There are others in the wide world who would fain press you to their hearts. Yet you need not forget the departed. Her life of virtue may incite you to a continuance of the practice of those things which best enlarge the mind, and most efficiently prepare the immortal spirit for angelic society and the companionship of saints."

Gorham, Me. 1850.

## MISCELLANY.

### THE GOOD ANGELS.

"COME, Ady and Jane, it's time you were in bed," said Mrs. Freeman to her two little daughters, about nine, o'clock one evening. Ady was nine years old, and Jane was a year and a half younger. The two children had been sitting at the work-table with their mother, one of them studying her lessons, and the other engaged on a piece of fancy needle-work.

"Papa hasn't come home yet," answered Ady.

"No, dear, but it's getting late, and is time you were in bed. He may not be home for an hour."

Ady laid aside her work and left the table, and Jane closed her books and put them away in her school-satchel.

"You can light the little lamp on the mantle-piece," said Mrs. Freeman, after a few moments, and looking around as she spoke, she saw the children had both put on their bonnets, and were tying their warm capes close about their necks. She understood well the meaning of this, and therefore did not ask a question, although the tears came to her eyes, and her voice trembled as she said:—

"It is very cold out to-night, children."

"But we don't feel it, mother," replied Ady.—

"We'll run along very quick."

And the two little ones went out, before their mother, whose feelings were choking her, could say a word. As they closed the door after them, and left her alone, she raised her eyes upward, and murmured,

"God bless and reward the dear children!"

It was a bleak winter night, and as the little adventures stepped into the street, the wind swept fiercely along, and almost drove them back into the door. But they caught each other tightly by the hands, and bending their little forms to meet the

pressure, hurried on the way they were going as fast as their little feet could move. The streets were dark and deserted, but the children were not afraid. Love filled their hearts, and left no room for fear.

They did not speak a word to each other as they hastened along. After going for a distance of several blocks, they stopped before a house, over the door of which was a handsome ornamental gas lamp, bearing the words, "Oysters and Refreshments." It was a strange place for two little girls like them to enter, and at such an hour; but after standing for a moments, they pushed against the green door, which turned lightly on its hinges, and stepped into a large and brilliantly lighted bar-room.

"Bless me!" exclaimed a man who sat reading at a table, "here are those babes again."

Ady and Jane stood still near the door, and looking around the room. But not seeing the object of their search, they went up to the bar, and said timidly to a man who stood behind it, pouring liquor into glasses—

"Has papa been here to-night?"

The man leaned over the bar, until his face was close to the children, and said in an angry way—

"I don't know anything about your father. And see here! don't you come here any more. If you do, I'll call my big dog out of the yard and make him bite you."

Ady and Jane felt frightened, as well by the harsh manner as the angry words of the man, and they turned back from him, and were turning towards the door with sad faces, when the person who had first remarked their entrance, called loud enough for them to hear him—

"Come here, my little girls."

The children stopped and looked at him, when he beckoned for them to approach, and they did so.

"Are you looking for your father?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," replied Ady.

"What did the man at the bar say to you?"

"He said that papa wasn't here; and that if we came any more, he would set his dog on us."

"He did?"

"Yes, sir."

The man knit his brow for an instant—then he said—

"Who sent you here?"

"Nobody," answered Ada.

"Don't your mother know you have come?"

"Yes sir. She told us to go to bed; but we couldn't go until papa was home. And so we came for him first."

"He is here."

"Is he?" And the children's faces brightened.

"Yes, he's at the other side of the room. I'll wake him for you."

Half intoxicated, and sound asleep, it was with some difficulty that Mr. Freeman could be aroused.

As soon, however, as his eyes were fairly opened, and he found Ada and Jane had each grasped one of his hands, he rose up, and yielding passively to their direction, suffered them to lead him away.

"O, dear," exclaimed a man who had looked on with wonder and deep interest. "That's a temperance lecture that I can't stand. God bless the little ones," he added, with emotion, "and give them a sober father."

"I guess you never saw them before," said one of the bar-keepers, lightly.

"No; and I never wish to again, at least in this place. Who is their father?"

"Freeman, the lawyer."

"Not the one who, a few years ago, conducted with so much ability, the case against the Marine Insurance Company?"

"The same."

"Is it possible?"

A little group now formed around the man, and a good deal was said about Freeman and his fall from sobriety. One who had several times seen Ady and Jane come in and lead him home as they had just done, spoke of them with much feeling, and all agreed that it was a most touching scene.

"To see," said one, "how passively he yields himself to the little things when they come after him. I feel sometimes, when I see them, almost weak enough to shed tears."

"They are his good angels," remarked another.

"But I'm afraid they are not strong enough to lead him back to the paths he has forsaken."

"You can think what you please about it, gentleman," spoke up the landlord, "but I can tell you my opinion upon the subject: I wouldn't give much for the mother who would let two little things like them go wandering about the streets alone at this time of night."

One of them who had expressed an interest in the children, felt angry at these remarks, and he restored with some bitterness.

"And I would think less of the man who would make their father drunk!"

"Ditto to that," responded one of the company.

"And here's my hand to that," said another.

The landlord finding that the majority of his company were likely to be against him, smothered his angry feelings, and kept silence. A few minutes afterwards, two or three of the inmates of the bar-room went away.

About ten o'clock on the next morning, while Mr. Freeman, who was generally sober in the fore part of the day, was in his office, a stranger entered, and after sitting down, said:

"I must crave your pardon beforehand for what I am going to say. Will you promise me not to be offended?"

"If you offer me an insult, I will resent it," said the lawyer.

"So far from that, I come with the desire to do you a great service."

"Very well—say on."

"I was at Lawson's refectory last night."

"Well?"

"And I saw something there that touched my heart. If I slept at last night, it was only to dream of it. I am a father, sir; I have two little girls, and I love them tenderly. O, sir! the thought of their coming out, in the cold winter night, in search of me, in such a polluted place, makes the blood feel cold in my veins."

Words so unexpected, coming upon Mr. Freeman when he was comparatively sober, disturbed him deeply. In spite of all his endeavors to remain calm, he trembled all over. He made an effort to say something in reply, but he could not utter a word.

"My dear sir," pursued the stranger, "you have fallen at the hand of the monster intemperance, and I feel that you are in great peril. You have not, however, fallen hopelessly. You may yet rise, if you will. Let me, in the name of the sweet babes

who have shown in so wonderfully a manner their love for you, conjure you to rise up superior to this deadly foe. Reward those dear children with the highest blessings their hearts can desire. Come with me and sign the pledge of freedom. Let us, though strangers to each other, unite in this good act. Come!"

Half bewildered, though with a new hope in his heart, Freeman arose, and suffered the man, who drew his arm within his, to lead him away. Before they separated, both had signed the pledge.

That evening, unexpectedly, and to the joy of his family, Mr. Freeman was perfectly sober when he came home. After tea, while Ada and Jane were standing on either side of him, as he sat near their mother, an arm round each of them, he said in a low whisper,

"You will never have to come for me again."

The children then lifted their eyes quickly to his face, but half understanding what he meant.

"I will never go there again," he added; "I will always stay at home with you."

Ada and Jane, now comprehending what their father meant, overcome with joy, hid their faces in his lap and wept for very gladness.

Low as all this had been said, every word reached the mother's ear; and while her heart yet stood trembling between hope and fear, Mr. Freeman drew a paper from his pocket and threw it on the table by which she was sitting. She opened it hastily.

It was a pledge, with his well known signature subscribed at the bottom.

With a cry of joy, she sprang to his side, and his arms encircled his wife, as well as his children, in a fonder embrace than they had known for years.

The children's love had saved their father. They were indeed his good angels.

#### ADVICE FOR THE YOUNG.

THERE are some things which you must not do, if you mean to be true scholars. You must not spend your leisure hours about taverns, or stores, or shops; you must not waste the long fruitful evening in noisy, vulgar plays in the streets with the profane, the dissolute, the reckless, calling after strangers, and annoying peaceable citizens.

You must not be ashamed to be polite. A coarse, gross, rude address, never expresses a delicate, thoughtful, regulated mind. You must not be afraid to be right. Boys are often tempted to show their courage by ridiculing merit. They sometimes think it mean to be afraid of offending their parents, or their teacher, or God himself. Remember that true spirit consists in following the dictates of a noble nature; and that he is the real coward, who can be shamed out of his principles.

You must not find your best pleasures away from your own homes. I am always afraid of a boy who begins to be uneasy at home. When the presence of your parents and your sisters put a restraint upon you, and you feel shy of them, be sure all is not right. An uncorrupted and unperverted child is no where so happy as at home. Never suffer yourself to lose, never allow anybody to taint in your bosom, the fond and kindly affections that grow up and shed their odors round the family fireside.

You must not take pleasure in inflicting pain. It is the spirit of the devil.

You must not imagine that you and your teacher

have different interests. He labors for you! He lives for you. His interests are in your welfare.—His honor is in your progress; his happiness is in your highest good. If you could disturb his plans, and hinder his success, you would triumph in your own defeat.

You must not tempt others to do wrong. It is enough to lose advantages for one's self; to fail of the great ends of all education. To be the occasion of misleading and injuring another—to set about corrupting an innocent mind—to lure a guileless, confiding child from the path of purity—to estrange an affectionate nature from the love of truth and the sacred endearments of home—there is deep, deep guilt in this unnatural, malignant influence.

To you let me say, be punctual. If a scholar is late, the whole school is disturbed; his own progress is interrupted; the order of the day is interfered with; and what is worst of all, a habit of punctuality is not formed—a habit essential to the success and happiness of life. "A LITTLE TOO LATE" is a fit motto to be inscribed upon the tombstones of half the unfortunate in the business of this world, and of more than half who fail of the happiness of the future.

Take pains to comply exactly with the regulations of the school. Do not take for granted, that what is required is unreasonable. Confide in the teacher; respect the opinions he has deliberately formed; suffer him to rule within the sphere of his duty.

Be not in haste to advance. Cultivate carefully the ground you go over; be sure you obtain distinct, clear ideas; and dwell upon a thing till you master it. Then, and not till then, you may safely advance. Let others be in this class or that, upon this or the other study, using such and such books, it matters not to you; if you are not prepared for them they are not the class, or the study, or the books for you; to be put into them would only embarrass or confuse you, and tend to defeat the best objects of a good education. For, next to not knowing anything, and, I have thought sometimes, worse than not knowing anything, is the crude half knowledge of persons who have been urged forward faster than they are qualified to go. Carrying a burden, too big for one's leg may make him a cripple all his life.

#### CHARACTERISTICS OF AUTHORS.

BY E. F. WHIPPLE.

JOHN DRYDEN, had a clear perception of moral truth, and no natural desire to injure species. He was an eminent professional author, during the reign of Charles II. The time in which he lived was one of great depravity of manners.

The public was ravenous for the witty iniquities of the brain; and, to use the energetic invective of South, laid hold of brilliant morsels of sin, with fire and brimstone flaming around them, and thus, as it were, *digested death itself and made a meal upon perdition.*

Dryden was placed in this age, and for a long period of his life, was its pandar and parasite. The author of Alexander's Feast condescended to write comedies, whose ferocious licentiousness astounds and bewilders the modern reader. Yet had he lived in the reign of George III, he would not have been



more immoral than Churchill; had he lived in our day, his muse would have been as pure as that of Campbell. He could not, or would not, think it better to starve on honesty than thrive on baseness. "It is hard," says an old English divine, "to maintain truth, but harder still to be maintained by it."

## JOHN MILTON.

No one can fully reverence Milton, who has not studied the character of the age of Charles II, in which his latter fortunes were cast. He was Dryden's contemporary in time, but not his master or disciple in slavishness. He was under the anathema of power; a republican in days of abject servility; a Christian among men whom it would be charity to call infidels; a man of pure life and high principles among sensualists and renegades. On nothing earthly could he lean for support. In his own domain of imagination, perhaps the greatest poet that ever lived, he was still doomed to see such pitiful and stupid poetasters as Shadwell and Settle bear away the shining rewards of letters. Well might he declare that he had fallen upon evil times.

The genius of Milton is indeed worthy of all the admiration we award marvellous intellectual mental endowments: how much more do we venerate the whole man, when we find it riveted to that high and hardy moral courage, which makes his name thunder rebuke to all power that betrays freedom, to all genius that is false to virtue! Dante, Schiller, Shelley, Milton—poets, heroes, martyrs—must the mournful truth be forced from our reluctant lips:

"Their mighty spirits,  
Lie raked up with their ashes in their urns,  
And not a spark of their immortal fire  
Glow in a present bosom."

## WHERE THEY LEARN IT.

"I don't see it where my children learn such things," is one of the most common phrases in a mother's vocabulary. A little incident, which we happened to be an eye-witness to, may perhaps help to solve the enigma. We smiled a little at the time, but we have thought a good deal of it since, and we trust not without profit.

"Bub," screamed out a little bright-eyed girl, somewhat under six years of age, to a youngster who was seated on the curb-stone, making hasty padding of the mud in the gutter, "Bub, you good-for-nothing little scamp, you come right into the house this minute, or I'll beat you till the skin comes off!"

"Why, Angelina, Angelina, dear, what do you mean? where did you learn such talk?" exclaimed her mother, in a wondering tone, as she stood on the steps, courtesying to a friend.

Angelina looked up very innocently, and answered, "Why mother, you see we are playing, and he's my little boy, and I am scolding him, just as you did me this morning, that's all."

## SONG.

Oh, marry the man you love, girls, if you can get him at all; if he is as rich as Cresus, or as poor as Job in his fall. Pray, do not marry for pelf, girls—'twill bring your souls into thrall; but marry the man you love, girls, if his purse be ever so small. Oh, never marry a fop, girls, whether

he's little or tall; he will make a fool of himself and you—he knows nothing well but to drawl.—But marry a sober man, girls, there are but few on this ball; and you'll never rue the day, girls, that you ever married at all.

## OMNIBUS POLITENESS.

The following extraordinary instance of politeness on the part of an omnibus conductor, is related by Pasquin. The omnibus is in progress, when the following dialogue takes place:

*Passenger*—Stop at two thousand three hundred and thirty-four.

*Conductor*—All right, sir! (Omnibus pulls up in the middle of a dirty street.) Here you are, sir. Two thousand three hundred and thirty-four!

*P.*—Drive a little closer to the pavement.

*C.*—(To the driver, but in a voice loud enough to be heard by every one inside)—You must pull up very close to the kerb, Bill, as the gentleman cleans his own boots.

## DOGS AND MEN.

We overheard two gentlemen in mustachios, as they walked Broadway, talking about that dog who committed suicide by springing from the fire tower recently. One remarked that the dog must have been insane to commit an act so singular, to which the other responded historically, saying, "I remember reading that a *man* once jumped from the Duke of York's tower in England, and killed himself."

"Oh, that's very likely," said the first, "I can see how a man might commit such an act, but for a dog to make such a fool of himself, is incomprehensible."—*N. Y. Paper.*

## AN ABSTRACTED MAN.

ONE who puts the boot fitting the right foot on the left, ties a stocking about his neck for a handkerchief, comes in collision with people as he passes through crowded streets, mistakes servant girls for their mistress, goes into an eating house, gets a hearty meal, and walks out without paying the bar-keeper, lights a cigar with a one dollar bill, lends his money to his friends and forgets which of them borrowed it, gives his wife all the money she desires, and never asks how she is going to spend it, is indifferent whether he has any buttons on his shirt or not, and don't complain if his collars are not properly starched.

## NEW LEGAL AUTHORITIES.

At the trial of a recent case before a Justice of the Peace in New Orleans, recently, some rather novel authorities were cited by one of the learned counsel;—"The court will observe," said he, "that in the case of *Shylock vs. Antonio*, though judgment was rendered in favor of the plaintiff, yet circumstances prevented the execution which had issued from being carried into effect." "What case did the court understand the gentleman to refer to?" asked the magistrate, slightly puzzled.—"Shylock vs. Antonio, 2d. Shaks., p. 235, Johnson's edition. The court will there find the case reported in full. The next authority is of rather more ancient date. It is the case of the *King vs. Shadrach, et al.*, 1st Daniel's Reports, p. 155." The learned counsel went on to apply the cases to that of his

client but whether the court considered the authority sufficient we have not yet learned.

## THE RULE OF THE HOUSE.

At a very excellent hotel, not a hundred miles from our parts, (says the N. Y. Era,) they were one day short of a waiter, when a newly arrived Hibernian was hastily made to supply the place of a more expert hand.

"Now, Barney," says mine host, "mind you serve every man with soup, any how."

"Be dad I'll do that same," said the alert Barney. Soup came on the start, and Barney, after helping all but one guest, came upon the last one.

"Soup, sir?" said Barney.

"No soup for me," said the gent.

"But you have it," said Barney; "it is the rules of the house."

"Confound the house," exclaimed the guest highly exasperated; "when I don't want soup I won't eat it—get along with you."

"Well," said Barney, with solemnity, "all I can say is just this; it's the regulations of the house, and *blow the drop else ye'll get till ye finish the soup!*"

The traveller gave in, and the soup was gobbled.

"Mr. Smith, account of Brown, Jones & Thompson, this morning?" "Brown! What Brown is that?" "Bill Brown," said the collector, as he poked his account under the nose of the aforesaid Smith.

"Aint you afraid you will break while falling so?" said a chap in the pit of a circus to a clown. "Why so?" said the latter.—"Because you are a tumbler," rejoined the wag. The clown fainted.

OLD bachelors do not live as long as other men. They have nobody to mend their clothes and darn their stockings. They catch cold, and there is nobody to make them sage tea, consequently they drop off.

## Letters Containing Remittances,

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of postage paid.

Miss H. L. Whitesides Corners, N. Y. \$4.00; W. C. J. Kocomo, Ind. \$1.00.

## MARRIAGES.

In this city, on the 5th of June, by the Rev. Mr. Tuttle. Mr. Wm. B. Coleman, of New-York, to Miss Cornelia B. Allen, of this city.

In this city, on the 27th ult. by the Rev. H. Darling, Mr. James Killmer of Claverack, to Miss Margaret Irwin, of Hudson.

In this city, by the Rev. Dr. Gosman, W. H. Hollenbeck to Elizabeth Mitteregger both of Hudson.

On the 25th ult. by Rev. Mr. Marks, Mr. John Macy, to Miss Mary Finks both of this city.

By the Rev. Dr. Gosman Mr. Sylvester Kline to Miss Catherine Lasher, both of Germantown.

At Mellenville, on the 29th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hinrod, Mr. Charles Platner of this city, to Miss Lucy Phillip, of Mellenville.

## DEATHS.

In this city, John L. son of Lewis B. and Harriet E. Curtiss, aged 1 year, 9 months and 19 days.

At River View, Columbia county, on the 10th inst. Thomas T. Lightbody, in the 25th year of his age.

At Taghkanic, on the 8th inst. Jane, wife of Robert A. Roraback aged 31 years.

At Spencerport, Monroe Co. Aug. 3d, Mr. Moses Y. West, aged 38 years, son of the late David West, of this city.

At Claverack, on the 2d inst. John A. Stow, aged 19 years, 3 months and 9 days.



## Original Poetry.

For the Rural Repository.  
THE LAST ROSE.

BY ISAAC COBB.

THE last of the Roses of Summer is blooming,  
And I am forlorn!—  
The tints she is gayly and proudly assuming,  
Must fade ere the morn.  
Oh! seek for the region where blossom the flowers,  
Secure from decay;  
That ye may repose in the shade of the bowers,  
Which pass not away.  
The last of the roses of summer is blooming,  
And I am forlorn!—  
The tints she is gayly and proudly assuming,  
Must fade ere the morn.  
Gorham, Maine, 1850.

THE DOVE.

THE following lines were composed by Miss Townsend, of Philadelphia, after hearing Edgar A. Poe's "Raven" read—Her own situation of blindness and entire helplessness is most touchingly alluded to, and the contrast in the spirit of the two poems is very striking.—*Vt. Chronicle.*

'Twas midnight! solemn, dark and deep!  
And vainly I had courted sleep,  
When worn with pain, with anguish tossed,  
Hope, faith, and patience nearly lost,  
I heard a sound, a gentle sound,  
Breaking the solemn stillness round;  
A gentle, soft and murmuring sound,  
Making the stillness more profound.  
I hushed my breath!—again it came!—  
My heart beat faster—still the same  
Low, gentle murmur met my ear,  
Approaching nearer and more near;  
A single sound, yet soft and clear,  
And strangely fraught with memories dear.  
A flood of clear and silver light  
Then burst upon my raptured sight,  
Filling my little chamber quite  
And in that light a bird was seen;  
Not "grim and black with stately mien,"  
But purely white and beautiful,  
With look so mild and dutiful,  
A lovely bird with plumage white,  
In that calm, still and clear moonlight.  
Floating a moment round my head,  
It rested opposite my bed,  
Beside a picture lovelier  
Than heaven God, and holier;  
Two beautiful babes whose sinless eyes,  
Bespeak them still in Paradise;  
Whose loving, soft and gentle eyes,  
Tell where that land of beauty lies.  
There sat the radiant white-winged bird—  
I listened but no sound I heard—  
And then I spoke, "sweet bird," I said,  
"From what far country hast thou fled?  
Whence comest thou—and why comest thou here?  
Canst thou bring aught my soul to cheer?  
Hast thou strange news?—speak, gentle dove!"  
And the bird answered—"God is love."  
"They tell me so," I faintly said,  
But joy hath flown and hope is dead,  
And I am sick, and end and weary,  
And life is long, and dark and dreary—  
Think not thy words my spirit move!  
Still the bird answered, "God is love."  
"Some dearly loved are far away,  
And some who fondly near me stay,  
Are sick, and sad and suffering,  
While I am weak and murmuring,  
Each for the other grieves, and tries  
To stay the tears that fill his eyes—

Why comes not comfort from above?"  
Firmly, but mournfully, the dove  
Distinctly answered, "God is love."

I started up—"The world," I said,  
"Though beautiful it once was made,  
Is full of crime and misery now;  
Woe sits on many a haggard brow;  
The warrior wields his bloody sword,  
Slaves tremble at the tyrant's word,  
Vice honored—virtue scorned—we see—  
Why are these ills allowed to be?"  
He raised his head, the soft-eyed dove,  
As though my boldness he'd reprove,  
Then bowed and answered, "God is love."

"Forgive," I said, in accents mild,  
"I would I were again a child,  
I've wandered from the heavenly track,  
And it is late to journey back;  
My wings are clipped, I cannot soar,  
I strive to mount, but o'er and o'er  
My feeble wings I raise in vain—  
I flutter, sink, and fall again!"  
In low, but earnest tones, the dove  
Still softly murmured, "God is love."

"Thou movest me strangely, wondrous bird!  
My soul is strongly, deeply stirred—  
My heart grows lighter—may I still  
My mission on the earth fulfil,  
Proving my love to God sincere,  
By doing all my duty here?  
Shall past omissions be forgiven,  
And shall the weary rest in heaven?"  
He spread his wings, that radiant dove,  
And cheerily answered, "God is love."

"Thanks, heavenly messenger," I cried,  
"Remain that picture still beside;  
Surrounded by the light of truth,  
Companion meet for sinless youth;  
Thou blessed type of love and peace,  
My hope and faith thou'lt still increase—  
Be ever near me, gentle dove,  
I know, I feel, that "God is love!"

THE OLD MAN'S CAROUSAL.

BY JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

DRINK! drink! to whom shall we drink?  
To friend or a mistress? Come, let me think!  
To those who are absent, or those who are here?  
To the dead that we loved, or the living still dear?  
Alas! when I look, I find none of the last!  
The present is barren—let's drink to the past.

Come! here's to the girl with a voice sweet and low,  
The eye all of fire and the bosom of snow,  
Who erewhile in the days of my youth that are fled,  
Once slept on my bosom, and pillow'd my head!  
Would you know where to find such a delicate prize?  
Go seek in your churchyard, for there she lies.

And here's to the friend, the one friend of my youth,  
With a head full of genius, a heart full of truth,  
Who travel'd with me in the sunshine of life,  
And stood by my side in its peace and its strife!  
Would you know where to seek a blessing so rare?  
Go drag the lone sea, you may find him there.

And here's to a brace of twin cherubs of mine,  
With hearts like their mother's, as pure as this wine,  
Who came but to see the first act of the play,  
Grew tired of the scene, and then both went away.  
Would you know where this brace of bright cherubs have hid,  
Go seek them in heaven, for there they abide.

A bumper, my boys! to a gray-headed pair,  
Who watched o'er my childhood with tenderest care,  
God bless them, and keep them, and may they look down,  
On the head of their son, without tear, sigh or frown!  
Would you know whom I drink to? go seek mid the dead,  
You will find both their names on the stone at their head.

And here's—but, alas! the good wine is no more,  
The bottle is emptied of all its bright store;  
Like those we have toasted, its spirit is fled,  
And nothing is left of the light that it shed.  
Then, a bumper of tears, boys! the banquet here ends,  
With a health to our dead, since we've no living friends.

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